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## A Solitary.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

IN a nook where the river forgets to sing  
Of its love for the plunging sea,  
Where the mother bird lingers on silent wing  
O'er a nest in the great oak tree,  
I will build me a home by the white, white sands  
In the red of the morning glow,  
Ere the winter-ghost lays its spectral hands  
On the pulse of the water's flow.

So I'll hie me away to the woods, and search  
For the shoot of the tender vine,  
And I'll build me a home of the light-limb'd birch  
And the bough of the singing pine.  
I will barter for food with the honey bee—  
When I banquet the birds will sing,  
And the flowers will blossom and bloom for me,  
For I'll reign in their midst,—a king.

## Epigrams.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet  
In an epigram never should fail;  
The body should always be little and sweet,  
And a sting should be left in its tail.

—Anon.

THE definition implied in this anonymous stanza is taken from the Latin of some unknown writer:

Omne epigramma sit instar apis; sit aculeus illi;  
Sint sua mella; sit et corporis exigui.

This is the popular definition, although not the original one. The word epigram comes from the Greek *ἐπιγραμμα*, to inscribe, and was used to denote anything written on a monument or statue, as Plato states in his Hipparchus, 228, c. Later it was applied to any little verse that expressed a beautiful thought, and to-day it is so wide

in its significance that a real definition which would confine it within the proper limits would be impossible. "It may be an elegy, a satire, or a love poem in miniature." It is easily understood why the satirical form is the most common, because while it may require a quick wit, it does not demand depth of thought or extreme beauty of expression.

The Greeks probably excelled all nations in the perfection of the epigram. Nearly all that have been preserved are possessed of great delicacy and simplicity, and the world has been surprised at the great number of Greek poets that were able to attain to so high a standard. One of the oldest and best examples is one embodied in the lines of Simonides, engraved on the pillars at Thermopylæ.

Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,  
That here, obedient to her laws, we lie.

This form represents the first style of epigram, the inscription. Among the best Greek poets who devoted their talent to love poems are Sappho and Anacreon. Sappho's epigrams are very beautiful in expression, though very light. She says:

The cool, low-babbling stream,  
'Mid quince groves deep  
And gently rushing leaves,  
Bring on soft sleep.

The thought in this delicate poem is certainly not deep or sublime, and were it not for Sappho's beautiful Greek expression, would tend to show the danger of abusing the epigram from underestimating even its small requirements. Anacreon's small odes, while possessing the beauty of expression of Sappho, possess a deeper thought and a something that gives them body and strength, so that the reader not only enjoys

them but carries away a thought each time he reads one of them.

Among the Latins, epigrams are few as compared with the Greeks. Martial and Catullus are perhaps the best representatives. Both were men of literary genius, but in their writings they often descended to the obscene and brutal, so that many lay at their door the blame for all the scurrilous verse that has been written since, as being the result of their example. There is a great lesson to be learned from the following lines from Martial:

Himself he slew, when he the foe would fly—  
What madness this, for fear of death to die!

There is a world of thought and good philosophy in it. Because a man feared death, he killed himself. If the world knew these lines by heart we might have fewer suicides. Martial indeed touches on the very theme of suicide in an epigram that is perfect in its meaning and style.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward creeps to death—the brave live on.

In the satirical form of the epigram, the French lead the nations. They have attained perfection in what is called the "salt" and "vinegar" mode of expression. In France this form of verse has been used as the regular weapon in literary and political contests. It has been said that it would not be difficult to compile an epigrammatic history of France from the Revolution to the present time. Lebrun, one of the best French writers in this line, has composed over six hundred really good epigrams. Voltaire has many good ones. The following is an example. It is on "Killing Time." Time is speaking:

There's scarce a point whereon mankind agree  
So well as in their boast of killing me;  
I boast of nothing, but when I've a mind  
I think I can be even with mankind.

An anonymous epigram dealing with death is very pointed and contains much sense.

On death, though wit is oft displayed,  
No epigram could e'er be made.  
Poets stop short, and lose their breath  
When coming to the *point* of death.

When Victor Hugo was in exile he determined to abuse his enemies by his verse contributed to the papers. Of Charles II. he said:

Here lies our sovereign lord, the king,  
Whose word no man relies on;

Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one.

The satire in these four lines is very evident. They created quite a stir. But Charles II. on hearing them, showed the acuteness of his wit by saying: "That is very true, for my sayings are my own, my doings are my ministry's."

The epigram was also cultivated among the Germans, but it developed in a different manner than it did among the French, because of the Teutonic tendency towards the moral and didactic. This statement is not to be taken absolutely, because many German epigrams are as cutting and as witty as the French, but the general tendency has been towards the more philosophical. As a result, the Germans have many beautiful little gems of poetry, each teaching its simple yet deep lesson. Logan stands pre-eminent in that nation as a writer of epigrams.

In the English language, while there are none that have devoted themselves exclusively to this form of verse as Martial among the Latins and Logan among the Germans, still many of our great poets have given some time to its cultivation. It is said that the epigram came late into use in English and is still to be perfected. In 1613 a certain Henry Parrot likened the epigram to cheese.

We make our epigrams as men taste cheese,  
Which hath his relish in the last farewell.

This is exceedingly poor and simple when compared with the stanza at the beginning of this essay, taken from the Latin. Ben Johnson has written many little poems, likewise Spenser and Herrick. Occasionally one finds a good example of what an epigram should be in Cowley, Dryden, Young and Goldsmith. Of all English writers Pope was by far the best at this kind of verse. He was, however, often too biting and scurrilous. Among his best might be mentioned his beautiful epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton.

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;  
God said: "Let Newton be," and all was light.

This couplet was considered too irreverent and was not placed on Newton's tomb. From Addison we have a clever stanza that comes under the heading of epigrams, "To a Capricious Friend":

In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,  
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,  
There is no living with thee nor without thee.

Monnoye has left us an epigram about the abundance of fools in the world. While it is certainly too broad in its scope, there is a sentiment in it that tends to do away with egotism and vanity. It is:

The world of fools has such a store  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass.

John Gibson Lockhart composed the following on Lord Robertson. The first line is a fine tribute, but the second very successfully demolishes all its pretensions.

Here lies the Christian, judge and poet, Peter,  
Who broke the laws of God, and man, and metre.

America may not boast of an over-abundance of epigrams, but she has some of special literary worth. So many different nationalities are present in her composition that the poetic productions are of every kind: humorous, sarcastic and didactic. One little couplet that says a great deal was written by an unknown author on a lady who published a volume of shocking bad verse:

Unfortunate lady, how sad is your lot!  
Your ringlets are red, your poems are not.

As a closing example, the following perfect American epigram is given. She has few better.

He wrote upon the sand his autograph;  
A little wave erased it with a laugh.

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#### Berger Plans Revenge.

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L. C.

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Yellow leaves with a touch of moisture cling to the mother tree still. But there is many a dead leaf too that rustles at a touch and goes away with the wind. The grass is green though not with the young growing green of summer, but with the fading green of autumn. And some birds are singing—operatic stars, no doubt, winding up a long, successful season. No big waves swell with a boom on the banks of St. Joseph Lake, but there are little waves that make melody if you stand near and listen.

Phil Donnelly and Joe McDermott were not thinking or talking of the sea or the sky this forenoon recess as they strolled the sandy walk that circles the lake. Phil had just finished two stanzas of verse for Freshman English, and had exhausted all his thought on that. Joe was not "quite through," but he expected to be by 4:30 P. M. They walked on in silence, but not for long.

"Phil, I want to tell you one thing—I despise poetry."

"Why?"

"Why? Because for one thing, there's no sense to it."

"I guess that's why poets are crazy."

"Well, I'm not crazy then. And what's more, I don't want to be." This was final, as Joe meant it should be.

"Well, Joe, in a manner and to a degree, as Father Devine says, I like poetry, that is poetry of a certain kind. Now, here is the *Princess* which we have read in class. There's classy stuff here—in places." Phil pulled the text-book edition forth from his pocket. They were now midway the long stretch of walk on the north bank. In front the dome and the church spire were reflected in the calm below the sun-lit ripples. Phil opened the book and sat down.

"Phil Donnelly, none of that!"

The splendor falls on castle walls,

"Put that book away!"

And snowy summits old in story,

"Second time, put that book away!"

The long light shakes across the lakes

"Third and last, put that book away!"

And the wild cataract leaps—

"Here's where the cataract leaps!" cried Joe, throwing himself full weight on Phil, more like a cat than a cataract. Phil proved somewhat of a cataract too, and they divided the leaps between them. They fought for the possession of the *Princess* in true knightly fashion, and both might be dead and buried now, only at the proper moment a peacemaker appeared on the scene and stopped the contest. He looked like a peacemaker too—that is he looked peaceful. He is the type found in every college: thin, delicate, ladylike; fair hair, white complexion, and, needless to add, not an athlete.

They called him "Moon Face," and "Moon" for short. How? Simple enough. "Skive" Maxman and Jack Belton were playing catch on the front lawn across the road. Jack threw wild. "Skive" was never known to chase a ball if he could find a willing subject. He of the fair hair and delicate features was passing by at the time. So "Skive" shouted: "Heave 'er up, Moon Face!" And "Moon" it was from that day. Moon's real name was Edgar Chesterton Moreland. This he held for one week. Never after that, except in the record book of the University for official reference.

We all know how many a man has run foul of appearances. Moon looked the lady. And to an extent he was compelled to act the lady. Nature had not given him a broad chest, sturdy limbs, muscles of iron, nor a heart that never missed a beat. Many a morning Phil heard his spell of coughing when the rest of Corby was in the lap of sleep. For that reason, Phil felt toward Moon that touch of tenderness the good strong feel for the gentle weak. Moon had brains. And if he couldn't smash a line or break up interference or shoot a baseball to second with the force of a bullet, he could break down the lines of defense and capture the answer from a mathematical fort before the rest of the class had started the siege. What looked like an impossible sentence in Latin to Fritz Berger, he made as plain as the road to town—for those who've often travelled it. All Corby liked Moon. They respected his brains and his modesty and his fine sense of the right. He had a way of his own for saying and doing things which nobody else could assume. When a "night permission" was to be asked for, Moon usually headed the delegation. If there was any decorating to be done for a smoker, Moon designed and directed. If there was student oratory to add lustre to the occasion he was pressed into service as a private coach. He rounded up a laggard for First Friday confession or threw in a quiet remark betimes about propriety of language.

This of course is digression. So we return at once to where we left the knights of the Round Table struggling for the *Princess*.

"Well, I declare," was Moon's exclamation, "if you two aren't at it again!"

"You bet you!" panted Joe.

"You bet you!" puffed Phil.

"Do you know it's only ten minutes till class time?" No, they didn't know. In fact they hadn't considered.

"Moon," exclaimed Joe in dramatic style, when he got to his feet, "what is time when honor is at stake!"

"Yes, Moon, what is time? A mere succession of moments." And Phil assumed a philosophic calm. Then they started off; for time meant demerits too.

"For myself, gentlemen," resumed Phil after they had covered some distance, "I feel there is a divinity that rules our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

"*Shapes* is the proper reading, Phil," Moon corrected.

"All right, Mr. Brilliancy, we'll call it *shapes*."

"That man Shakespeare had some head, I reckon," was Joe's tribute to the great bard.

"Don't say 'I reckon,' Joe; say I 'opine.'" Phil felt he had scored a run.

"Or better, 'I think,'" said Moon.

"But Joe doesn't think, Moon."

"Now Donnelly thinks that's wit. I call it insult. Don't you, Moon?"

"Well," with reflection, "much depends on the spirit in which it is said."

"Right you are, Moon! Phil has no spirit, no pep, therefore he gives no insult. Therefore I demand no apology."

"But I still maintain there is a destiny—"

"So there is," Joe interrupted. "Yonder it comes new and fresh after a bath in the wardrobe." Needless to say it was Berger coming down the front steps of Corby on his way to "Math I." "O Berg, may we issue forth?" There was a big laugh which the victim took good-naturedly. The more so because he felt he had a laugh coming.

Now while the two Freshmen were having their fight and fun around the lake Fritz Berger entered Phil's room by means of the key which the unsuspecting man on duty loaned him. There was no "rough-house," no confusion, no uproar. The villain's cunning was too deep for that. Fritz merely removed a text-book from its place, went to his room for awhile, returned, put the book back where he found it, walked out, snapped the lock and murmured to himself, "How easy!"

Père Gibault.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

(CONCLUSION.)

Three years after the "four intolerable acts" which were the final oppressive measures of the mother country that decided the rebellion of her colonists, and one year before the first Continental Congress wherein were considered ways and means of resistance, our missionary learned for the first time the nature and extent of the troubles between England and the colonists,—facts which had been studiously kept from him,—and his active mind, foreseeing the possibilities of such a struggle should the latter win, and realizing his own great opportunity to help their cause, determined upon a course of hearty, though necessarily secret, co-operation with them. Even while he visited Canada, the first martyrs of liberty gave their lives on the green sward of Lexington, and the spirit of their sacrifice had spread like magic throughout the land. Hardly had he returned when we find him addressing the people at Vincennes in the following words:

"I have received authentic and reliable information that the American colonies on the Atlantic Ocean have revolted and are now at war with England in a struggle for independence. This war has now been going on for upwards of two years with varying success. We have just received the first account of its being waged. The English authorities in Canada have studiously kept us in ignorance of the fact, fearing that we would follow the example of so many of our French brethren and join the colonists and throw off our allegiance to them. This is a just struggle of the weak against the strong. It is our duty as Frenchmen and lovers of our native land to render all the assistance we can to the struggling colonies. Everything we do in this way will in reality be done in the interest of our French brethren. Therefore, I propose we throw off all allegiance to the English nation and declare ourselves citizens of the revolted colonies. I propose that you manifest this declaration and intention by taking the oath of allegiance to the American cause, and, if you are agreed, I will now administer the oath of allegiance

to you, and will assist in hauling down the English emblem of its sovereignty over this fort." The oath was taken by all and the flag hauled down. But such an act could not pass unnoticed. Hamilton, the English Commandant at Detroit, therefore, apprehended and imprisoned him and only released him on condition that he leave the place. To this he agreed and retired to Kaskaskia. Natural as this manner of punishment may seem, yet, when measured by its consequences, one is tempted to call it providential. For not long after this General George Rogers Clark, commissioned by Governor Henry of Virginia, arrived on July 4th, 1758, with a small army of colonists and effected the "bloodless capture of Kaskaskia."

It is at this point that the great influence of our intrepid missionary begins to operate to the benefit of the colonial cause. Though Clark took their village by surprise and so frightened them into a complete surrender, it is doubtful whether he could, devoid of money and food and with ranks thinned by privation and death, long hold in check the prize he had captured. When, therefore, a few days after he had taken possession of the village he was asked by Father Gibault whether he "would give him liberty to perform his duty in his church," he replied that "he had nothing to do with churches more than to defend them from insult, that by the laws of the State, his religion had as great privileges as any other." He thus not only saved himself, perhaps, from utter defeat and the loss of the great Territory within his reach, but dispelled all enmity on the part of his prisoners and gained their united support to his cause. They then took the oath of allegiance, and not long afterward, through the efforts of Gibault whose influence was unbounded, Cahokia likewise submitted to the new rule. When Clark proposed to march upon Vincennes, the Rev. Mr. Gibault again volunteered his services, and confident of success through his influence, set out, accompanied by a single man, and soon "returned with the welcome tidings that Vincennes had raised the American flag." But his success did not stop here. The Indian tribes followed the example of their French neighbors, and soon made friends of the Virginians and agreed to lay down their arms. "Thus," says Shea, "the fron-

tiers were relieved from most of the Indian depredations, and the French settlers in the West became citizens of the United States; that this was effected by Clark without the loss of a single man was due mainly to the influence of Rev. Peter Gibault."

Though the people of Vincennes were won to the American cause, Hamilton, the English commander, still held the fort in that place. When Clark finally decided to undertake its capture he was possessed of valuable information rendered by the Sardinian trader, Col. Francis Vigo, and strengthened by two companies of the Catholic citizens of Illinois, commanded by Captains McCarthy and Charleville. Assisted by the Indians, Vincennes was quickly taken. Such in part were the services rendered by Père Gibault to the cause of American Independence and extension of territory, and such drew from the Virginia Legislature in 1780 a resolution of acknowledgment. "Next to Clark and Vigo," says Judge Law, "the United States are indebted more to Father Gibault, for the accession of the states, than to any other man." "He was," says Cauthorn, "without question the most learned and influential man in the Northwest at that early day. He was finely educated, of commanding presence, superior oratorical powers and possessed magnetic qualities."

It is not surprising, then, that the enemies of the country he helped so much should attempt to slander him. In a certain despatch of Hamilton to his superior commander we find the following adverse testimony: "The rebels have sent a detachment with an officer to Cahokia to receive the submission of the inhabitants, and the person who brought the account has no doubt but that those of Vincennes are by this time summoned, as a French priest, named Gibault, had his horse ready saddled to proceed there from Cahokia with design to act as agent for the rebels. This ecclesiastic is a fellow of infamous morals, and I believe very capable of acting such a part." Other charges more vile and more personal were also preferred, but to all these he made the simple reply in a letter to his bishop: "To all the pains and hardships that I have undergone in my different journeys to most distant points, winter and summer, attending so many villages

in Illinois distant from each other, in all weathers, night and day, snow or rain, storm or fog on the Mississippi, so that I never slept four nights a year in my own bed, never hesitating to start at a moment's notice, whether sick or well, how can a priest who sacrifices himself in this way, with no other view than God's glory and the salvation of his neighbor, with no pecuniary reward,—how, I say, can you know such a priest as one who gives scandal and is addicted to intoxication?"

This letter of vindication, so simple yet so convincing, shows one better than anything else the noble and religious character of the man. He made no lengthy explanations, he gave no apologies, much less did he retaliate in kind, but, as some one has beautifully said, relying on the word of the Master, "By their fruits ye shall know them," he merely submitted these as witnesses to his innocence.

The opinion has obtained, and to a certain extent still prevails, that to Clark and Vigo belong the credit for the conquest of the Northwest Territory. But Gibault "promoted the movement for bringing all the French of the Illinois settlements into allegiance; he volunteered to go to Post Vincennes and win over the people there; in company with Dr. Lefont he made this journey, administered the oath of allegiance to the French settlers, secured possession of the fort, and urged the Indians to take sides with the Americans as the French were doing." It was owing to his influence and information that Clark undertook and succeeded in taking Vincennes. He furnished him with two companies of troops, and aided him financially, by exchanging his property for colonial money which he could never redeem. However, it may truthfully be said, that of the three men, Gibault, Clark and Vigo, none could have acquired much territory in that campaign without the aid of the other two.

It is a matter of deep regret that this noble, self-sacrificing, patriotic man should have received no remuneration from the country to which he rendered such signal services. In 1790, when Congress ordered donations of land to those who had served in the militia, Father Gibault, now old and infirm and almost without means of livelihood, petitioned Congress, through General



St. Clair, Governor of the Northwest Territory, for a small return for his services. He says, speaking of himself: "The love of his country and of liberty has led your memorialist to reject all of the advantages offered by the Spanish government; and he endeavored by every means in his power, by exertions and exhortations, and by letters to the principal inhabitants, to retain every person in the dominion of the United States in expectation of better times, and giving them to understand that our lives and property, having been employed twelve years in the aggrandizement and preservation of the United States, would at last receive acknowledgment and be compensated by the enlightened and upright ministers, who, sooner or later, would come to examine into and relieve our situation."

He asked for the old Cahokia mission property, scarce larger than a garden spot and a few worthless buildings, but St. Clair had no authority to grant it, and Congress seems to have paid no heed to the matter.

Destitute and disappointed but not disheartened he passed into Spanish Territory performing the sacred functions of his ministry, and as from the obscurity of his Canadian home he came forth to do a great work, so now, that work being done, he passes beyond our ken until we hear of his death at New Madrid, Missouri, in 1804.

A recent issue of the *Indianapolis News* contains this truly gratifying notice: "Now steps are being taken properly to pay tribute to the grave of the great patriot-priest, Father Gibault, who, also refused recognition by a government which he so signally served, died at New Madrid, Missouri. He had given, as Churchill puts it, 'his little store, and lived to feel the pangs of want.'"

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### Memories.

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THOUGH 'tis many a weary year  
 Since the faces still so dear  
 I have seen,  
 From my soul they can not part,  
 For their memory in my heart  
 Still is green.

'Fore my eyes they oft have passed  
 Just as when I saw them last,  
 Far away,  
 And our little cabin seems  
 To be with me in my dreams,  
 Night and day.

T. J. S.

### A Confusing Coincidence.

PAUL RUSH, '12.

If it had not been summer time, and if Willie had not insisted upon staying home and working during the summer months instead of visiting his grandmother, as was his usual custom, and if this same little boy had not been a mischievous lad with the wit of several generations of O'Sheas in his blood, the marriage of Mr. William Everett Green and Miss Pearl Dickson might have taken place without mishap or quarrel.

When Willie first stated his intention of working during the holidays, objections were instantly offered, but he surmounted all these triumphantly, and in the end received the necessary parental sanction to "hunt for a job." This obstacle, however, didn't bother him, for he was a resourceful lad and hit on a plan of action immediately. The next evening when Mr. George Dickson was calling on big sister, Margaret, Willie intruded and stated his request, wisely surmising that the young man could hardly be so cruel as not to grant to her little brother so small a favor. George probably remembered previous evenings there—when he had sat down upon pins or had tried to answer questions as to why he came to the house—so as not to be particularly anxious to employ Willie, but still—he was her brother, and—well, he promised he would find the young man a place. So it happened that little Willie got the "job" as office boy for Mr. William Everett Green, not so much because he was needed as because the latter recognized the difficulty in which his fiancé's brother was placed. Willie performed his slight duties well enough, I suppose, for he wasn't fired; but these don't concern our story, so I shall leave the task of filling in those details to the reader's imagination.

Shortly after Willie had entered upon his business career, he began to hear his big sister and his parents talk of the coming marriage of his "boss" with Pearl Dickson. He also heard his sister suggest that she ought to entertain for the bride-elect, but these things didn't interest him until he received orders from Pater to stop on his way home, and bring a package from the

printers. When the young man further learned that he was to have the pleasure of addressing the invitations contained in the package, his interest was sufficiently aroused to make him "raise a howl," and take a peek at the contents of one of the envelopes. His objections only had the effect of postponing his task until the following evening, but the careless glance at the invitations made possible the concoction of a little scheme when his boss gave him a bunch of similar envelopes to address the next morning. But, I am anticipating; what Willie saw when he opened the envelope was this:

Miss Margaret O'Shea

Requests your presence at a reception

In honor of Miss Pearl Dickson

Friday the 13th.

Hours 6-10

Hastily laying aside the invitations and the names of all the ladies to whom they were to be addressed, Willie hastened off to the circus, little dreaming that he was to have two such similar tasks to perform on the morrow.

After getting the mail and opening it for the boss, Willie received orders to go to the printers and return with the package for Mr. Green. This errand fulfilled, he reported.

"You will find some invitations in that package, Willie. Address one to each one of these gentlemen. That'll be all," said his employer as he handed him the list of names.

"Yes, sir," said the boy as he left the private office, but to himself: "I wonder what's doin'? Guess I'll just snatch a pike at one of these."

Mr. Everett Green

Requests your presence at a dinner at

The Elks,

6:30 P. M.

Friday the 13th

Willie had no more than read the date than he noticed his employer's dinner was to occur upon the same evening as his sister's reception; had no more than noted that than a scheme flashed through his mind—"Gee! but that'd be great," he exclaimed.

The thirteenth was a busy day of preparation around the O'Shea home and the Elks' Temple, for great things were "coming off" that night. The servants of the former place bustled around knowingly with the

thought of increased allowances to spur them on. Meanwhile with eyes sparkling at the thought of evening tips and bottles of sherry and "Mumm's Extra Dry" that would be left untouched, the negro waiters at the club decorated rooms and tables, shined silver and polished glasses.

But one thing happened that Willie had not counted on. That was the meeting of Messrs. Green and Dickson that afternoon in the First National Bank where the following conversation ensued:

"Suppose you will be at my little stag at 6:30 sharp," said Green.

"Stag!" surprised. "I didn't know that. My sister received an invitation, but I didn't know that I was expected."

"How's that? There must be some mistake—I never sent one to Pearl. Oh! I have it—I had little O'Shea address the invitations, and I suppose you couldn't distinguish between his 'Miss' and 'Mister.' Anyhow, you will be there?"

"Well,—yes, but I'll be rather late, for I received an invitation to a reception at Miss O'Shea's in honor of my sister, so I'll have to show up there for awhile. I'll make my sneak as early as I can, though."

The above conversation wasn't quite enough to reveal Willie's plot, but it gave the clue which cleared up everything when Dickson perceived the smiling face of the plotter below one of the windows at the Elks' later on that evening.

My story now leads me to the residence of the O'Sheas, or at least to a taxicab and its occupant who are rapidly approaching there. The young man, Mr. Dickson, jumped out almost before the car had stopped, instructing the chauffeur to wait, for he was anxious to join the stag party after being with Margaret for a few moments, for receptions bored him. With this object in view he ran hurriedly up the steps and was soon going down between the files of women on either side. How strange! They were all women! And where was his sister? He thought it was to be given in her honor. Perplexed as he was at these thoughts he could not help hearing a hushed remark behind him: "It must be a sure thing if he can't stay away long enough for her to give a reception to some of her lady friends." Scarcely knowing which way to turn, alone amongst a crowd of women who were all



staring at him, he finally perceived the object of his search, Margaret. Scarcely had he started toward her than she became aware of his presence and rushed toward him.

"What are you doing here? Where is your sister? How dared you come? Think what people will say! Have you no concern for my feelings? You must not stay. You weren't invited. How dared you presume so much!

The young man was fairly taken aback. He flushed angrily and exclaimed:

"I shall go! I am indeed glad to learn how your invitations should be received." Saying this, he departed hurriedly, jumped into his taxi, ordering the chauffeur to drive to the Elks.

In the meanwhile, even more startling events had happened at the Elks. All the guests, or almost all, had arrived promptly at the appointed hour, and the dinner was progressing splendidly. The glasses clinked merrily to the toasts offered for the success, prosperity and happiness of the host and his future wife. In fact, everybody was enjoying himself and fast approaching the point when he enjoys everybody else. In the midst of one of these stirring and spirited tributes, the speaker was paralyzed to see the subject of his oratory, Miss Pearl Dickson, standing irresolute in the door. A peculiar hush fell upon the feasters as the host hurried toward his fiance and led her beyond their vision:

"My dear,—" he began.

"Stop," she cried angrily, "how dare you speak to me? You presume too much to invite me to such an affair,—"

"But my—"

"Don't say a word.—Why! you've been drinking! Oh! I could cry! Here's your ring! I won't stand it any longer!" Saying this, she turned to go when George Dickson arrived just in time to catch the last few remarks.

"Wait a minute, sis. You and Will come over and sit down on this davenport and I think I'll be able to straighten out this affair." Saying this he disappeared downstairs, returning soon, dragging a very sheepish young boy by the hand, who proved to be no other than our Willie.

"Now listen," Dickson said, "while I cross-question this youngster. Willie, you said you thought I was out to your sister's, when

I passed you downstairs, didn't you?"

A surly nod was all that was received in answer.

"Sis, you received an invitation to Will's dinner, didn't you?"

"Yes," icily, "Mr. Green was kind enough to invite me to his dinner."

"Well, I got an invitation to Miss Margaret O'Shea's reception given in your honor. Willie, what do you know about this?"

"Nothin," doggedly.

"Now, listen here, you young imp, you tell the truth. Say, Green, who addressed your invitations?"

"Why, Willie did."

"Willie," said Dickson, "who addressed your sister's invitations?"

"Oh, I did," was the answer, suddenly jerking himself free and scampering away. "I mixed 'em up. You got your sisters, and she got yours, what chu goin' to do about it?" he yelled as he disappeared round the corner.

"Huh!" said Dickson, glancing at the more than smiling pair, "I guess you don't want me here any more, think I'll sneak around to Willie's back-door and whistle several times. Good-bye."

### Baseball Fans Again.

O'ER each baseball fan a-stealing  
Comes a thrilling, pulsing feeling;  
For the leagues have started forward in the long,  
exciting race.

Joy from every eye is beaming,  
For in hope each one is dreaming  
How at closing of the season his loved team will  
hold first place.

All the papers now are doping  
Pennant stuff, and each one's hoping  
That his words will show that he just knew how  
things would come about.

All the people ask suggestions  
Every man is full of questions.  
One would think each life depended on the way the  
leagues come out.

"Are the Sox in good condition?"

"Will 'Athletics' lose ambition?"

"Will the 'Yankees,' 'Naps' or Boston take the  
Tigers on their string?"

"Do you think the Giants are in it?"

"Say, is Pittsburg sure to win it?"

"Will Chicago get a look in if there is no Johnny  
Kling?"

G. J. F.

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—Father Smith, in one of his recent lectures, told the story of the determination, dogged and persistent, of Bayard Taylor to become a poet. The story aroused sympathy in the audience that such praiseworthy determination should not be accompanied by a corresponding amount of talent, or poetic fire, or whatever it is that makes a poet. Although his thirty-seven volumes command awe, it is not the awesome awe which St. Peter's receives, but the open-mouthed wonder with which a skyscraper is viewed. But still the thought suggests itself: How sad that there is so little of the Bayard Taylor spirit noticeable! A little Taylorism would have worked wonders with the Sorin Hall track team or the Brownson basket-ball team. A little Taylorism will have boat races on the lake this spring. A little Taylorism next week will make examinations lose their terror. It is not only at Notre Dame that this quality is needed, nor does it apply to any particular hall more than it does to the others. Determination, tenacity, call it what you will, it is one of the great essentials of every-day life, and a man must be lucky indeed to succeed without it. The trouble with Bayard Taylor was that he did not follow it up with

a full measure of judgment; he had set out to become a poet, and a poet he would be at all costs. A common-sense study of one's own talents, and a grim determination to follow out, in spite of adverse criticism, the work most suited to these natural gifts, will reasonably bring success.

—In these days of dwindling fuel supply, when the depletion of our forests and coal mines threatens to interfere with the future of our industries by lessening the power supply, it is interesting to observe the success which meets the searcher after new methods of utilizing other sources of power, and at the same time to note how the genius of man makes each succeeding source in turn subservient to the demands of the age. Many years ago the windmill was imported, and with American improvements soon became a common means of converting a natural force into serviceable form. Its towering outline was a conspicuous feature of every group of farm buildings throughout all sections of the country, and although its principal use in most quarters was the pumping of water, it supplied also power for turning many mill-wheels and did varied service for the farmer. Present-day strenuousness has found its way to the rural sections, and, no longer willing to wait for the wind to blow, the progressive farmer has relegated the windmill to an out-of-the-way place and installed the gas-engine or the electric-motor in its place. It is through the latter that great economy is possible. The changeful and uncertain wind fails to satisfy the demands for continuous power, but it still moves the moisture-bearing clouds inland to higher altitudes where their vapor is precipitated, and the tiny rivulets trickling down the hillsides soon swell to rushing streams. The engineer steps in, and harnessing the hidden force of the current, transforms it into electrical energy which may be transmitted wherever needed and through the agency of the motor turned into serviceable form. While all streams are sources of power, from which it might seem that water power is available all over the earth, it is really only those that are large enough,

or in which the fall of level is great enough that are worth while to develop. Again, it is only in those sections where the rainfall is sufficient and the earth not too flat or too absorbent, or the air too dry, that streams of useful character may be expected. Yet it is the principle involved that is really important. It shows the sufficiency of the forces which nature has provided. When one source of power has been depleted, the engineer develops another. So long as he is able to adjust the varying sources of power to the needs of man, the wheels of industry will turn and the world will progress.

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—From many flattering notices of the SCHOLASTIC Irish History Number which have been appearing in the secular and religious papers, we take  
 A Favorable Notice. pleasure in quoting the following from the *Irish American* of New York:

It is not often we are called upon to commend enthusiastically the Irish character of the work in our universities, Catholic or sectarian. Still, we are even glad to notice, and commend, any effort, however slight, which tends to impress the student in the higher schools that there is an Ireland, an Ireland that is not dead, an Ireland with a past which for culture and glorious achievement may well be deemed the rival of the greatest of nations. The neglect, nay the brutal neglects of Ireland, her institutions, her histories, her arts and literature in American, and especially in Catholic American schools of higher learning in the past, has been productive of pernicious results too many and too far-reaching to be discussed here. Notre Dame, for some time, has been an exception to this characterization, and it is most gratifying to observe the results. We have before us the weekly, through the columns of which the mental operations of the students find expression, and is conveyed in turn to the alumni and myriad friends of Notre Dame University, THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. It is called "The Irish History Number," issued Saturday, March 12th, in honor of Ireland's Patron Saint and of Ireland's National Holiday! The Chair of Irish History founded in Notre Dame a few years ago is doing effective work, and, if we may judge that work by the character of the essays, then, we say, it is a foundation to be encouraged and supported. The editorial pages also show the strength of the teaching Irish History Class is receiving and the influence it will wield when it enters the outer world. Congratulations to the school, the class and the course.

To the suggestion that the Irish History Chair be "encouraged and supported," we have nothing to add beyond what was

said in the history number referred to. Notre Dame is doing much for Irish history, because Ireland and Irish life, thought and story make for culture and sentiment and whatever else ennobles and embellishes. Because of the earnest, patriotic, love-inspired work done by the students of this course recognition and support would be well-deserved.

---

—The announcement by the English press that John Redmond and his band of seventy-two followers have won out in their long and hard fight in Redmond, the Winner. the English Parliament is responsible for not a little enthusiasm and rejoicing among American sympathizers of their cause. In the minds of Irishmen the name of Redmond and Home Rule have long been closely associated, and now that he is in a position to dictate the legislative program, the most sanguine hopes for the proximate success of this measure are entertained. His point of contention has always been: "That Premier Asquith should ask the king for guarantees the moment the commons had adopted and the lords had rejected the veto resolutions to pass these resolutions by the creation of enough peers in this Parliament, and in case that request was refused, that Premier Asquith should follow up with a request that if another election is demanded, he should go to that election with the king's guarantee in his pocket and with the right to announce that fact to the people." To this demand Asquith has consented. In fact, to this demand he had to consent because the lords and commons being now in a deadlock over the finance bill, Lloyd George's famous budget, and the failure of whose early passage would work serious financial loss upon the country, gave to the Nationalists the balance of power and hence the power of coercion. Under these circumstances Redmond demanded, as a condition to the Irish vote in favor of the budget, that Parliament should first take up the question of the abolition of the veto power of the House of Lords which he knew would defeat any measure for Home Rule. His signal victory is worthy of his long struggle, and the outcome of his present advantage will be watched with interest.

### Reading by Fred Emerson Brooks.

A student audience enjoyed a good laugh with Emerson Brooks, humorist, poet and reader, last Wednesday, April the 30th. Mr. Brooks possesses the happy faculty in no unmistakable degree, and knows how to mix humor and pathos in the proper proportions. He read four of his own poems, three of them humorous, and the fourth, a serious and exceedingly pathetic "old soldier" story. It was a poem about General Sherman, and was written at the request of that officer. The marked attention and the applause received by Mr. Brooks bore witness to the favor with which his audience regarded him. We hope to hear him again.

### Entertainment by the Glee Club.

The second annual vaudeville program of the University Glee Club was presented on Monday evening, April 11. The performance is really known as the Father Smith entertainment, because Father Smith is originator and proprietor of the idea of the program. Prof. Petersen is first coach and stands in a class by himself. The orchestra and mandolin clubs rendered music for the occasion, and their efforts received the glad hand all around.

Joe Murphy, our own Joe, was A No. 1 in his vocal offerings and was encored with fine enthusiasm. The duet of Messrs. Reis and Michaud was a number of unusual excellence, the critics say, and the prolonged applause which greeted their effort is sufficient indication of the worth of the performance. The two-round bout of Havican and Zimmer took the house by storm. Cecil Birder in his sketch was good throughout and his songs were particularly well received. His voice is of tenor quality and gives promise of a future. Mr. Deckman was the surprise of the evening as the light opera singer. "Miss" Deckman was decidedly successful. The work of the two fun-makers, Ryan and [unclear], was positively great. The story of [unclear] who wasted the ten cents, and [unclear] opera effort will live long in the [unclear] those who heard these performers. [unclear] that of last Monday should

become a regular annual event just as the senior play on Easter Monday. There is an abundance of material among us, a fact which the recent performance amply proved.

The following is the program in full:

March.....	University Orchestra
Overture—Chorus.....	Glee Club
Cornet—Trombone Duet.....	Messrs. Reis and Michaud
Song.....	Mr. Joseph P. Murphy
"Steen"-round Bout	
"Kid" Havican vs. "Shorty" Zimmer	
Kelly at the Bat.....	Mr. Chester Freeze
Song.....	"Darky" Cecil Birder
"Monologue".....	Mr. Joseph Smith
Concert Band not uniformed.....	Billy Ryan, Director
"Old Kentucky".....	"Boss" Williams
Selection.....	Mandolin Club
The Operatic Star.....	"Miss" Deckman
Seamus O'Brien.....	T. Havican
Removed by his Aids in the 2d agony	
Where will we Eat.....	Ryan and Lynch

### Peace Oratorical Contest.

The State Peace Oratorical Contest to select a representative for the Interstate Peace Association Contest, was held at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, on Friday, April 15. Francis Wenninger, the representative from Notre Dame, received third place in the decision of the judges. The Wabash and DePauw representatives tied for first honors, and the place was, on consultation, awarded to DePauw. The other contestants ranked as follows: 4th, Earlham; 5th, Goshen; 6th, Oakland; 7th, State Normal; 8th, Purdue; 9th, Franklin; 10th, Vincennes. The judges were Mr. Ballard of Crawfordsville, Prof. Kenyon of Butler College, and Rev. Mr. Tillotson of Lafayette.

A tribute of thanks is due the gentlemen of Wabash, who did everything in their power to contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of our representative. We hope some day to have an opportunity to give more material expression to our appreciation.

### Civil Engineering.

At the weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society, Mr. Shannon presented his view of the ideal railroad. The one whose direction is a straight line with no grade from one terminus to the other is desirable,

but this is usually far from possible. Other features, such as the proper elevation of the outer rail on the curves and the material used in ballasting the track, promote the easy riding of trains. Mr. Hampton developed the history of the telephone from the time that electricity was first utilized in reproducing the human speech by Philip Reis of Germany.

The use and value of the meridian, a true north and south line, was outlined by Mr. Enage. He explained the importance of it to the surveyor in locating, with the greatest of precision, the boundary lines between countries, states and other political divisions. The various methods of determining this line of reference were clearly shown. The question concerning the weight of a vessel full of water, before and after a fish has been thrown into it, was discussed by Mr. Burke.

#### The Philopatrians' Banquet.

Thursday, April the 21st, was the banner day in the calendar of social events for the Philopatrians. At 10 A. M. the boisterous crowd were taken on special cars to South Bend where they proceeded to view the great manufacturing plant of the Studebakers. At 12 o'clock dinner was served at the Oliver Hotel after which they attended the matinee performance of "Jim, the Penman," at the Indiana Theatre. The "big doings" of the day came in the evening when the annual banquet of the society was held in the private dining-hall of the Oliver Hotel. The room was beautifully decorated in festoons and streamers of cardinal hung from the walls, and the table decorations were also cardinal, the society's color. The menu was exceptionally appetizing, and was taken care of in great fashion by the youngsters. Following the dainty feast, Persident Cavanaugh spoke briefly on the excellent work of the society during the year, especially praising the drama on St. Patrick's day. During the serving of the courses Mattes' orchestra discoursed delightful airs of famous melodies. At 8:30 the jolly banqueters returned to school tired after the festivities of the day, but unanimous in asserting that it had been one of their happiest since entering Notre Dame.

#### Personals.

—George J. Hanhauser (LL. B., '01) gives as reason for his tardy report on the Annual Banquet of the Alumni Club of Philadelphia that he was "busy on account of my marriage," but George J. always was sudden. To Mr. and Mrs. Hanhauser the SCHOLASTIC, on behalf of many friends, offers felicitations.

—Joseph Singler, student here about twenty-five years ago and a member of one of the original football teams, now vice-president and manager of the Cedar Point Resort Co., Sandusky, Ohio, visited here this week. Dr. John Singler, student 1885-90, his brother, now practising dentistry at Dunkirk, Indiana, as well as presiding alderman of the city council there, also visited here.

—W. J. Montavon, '98, in a letter renewing his yearly subscription, pays the following tribute to the SCHOLASTIC:

The SCHOLASTIC is bright and cheerful and is a worthy messenger of the dear old home. Your triumphs in athletics bring cheer and your triumphs in letters and oratory are inspiring. You have my heartiest congratulations.

Mr. Montavon is Division Superintendent of Schools in San Fernando, La Union, P. I.

—The marriage of Dr. James M. Dinnen (A. M., 1896) and Miss Florence Mattler was solemnized at Indianapolis last week, Rev. John R. Dinnen (A. B., 1865) uncle of Dr. Dinnen, officiating. Among the guests at the ceremony were William F. Dinnen (LL. B., 1902) and George and Richard Dinnen, the latter two being students here since 1908. A wedding under such circumstances is certainly prophetic of happiness.

—Two well-known figures were present for the first time at the Annual Banquet of the Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia this year. "The strangers were Daniel P. Murphy, formerly of Chicago now of New York, and Dr. Austin O'Malley of Philadelphia." As already announced the dinner was held at the University Club on Feb. 21st. The officers for the coming year are as follows: Joseph D. Murphy (U. S. Mint), President; George J. Hanhauser (1505 Venaugo St.), Secretary; John H. Neeson (Germantown), Treasurer; J. P. Fogarty (Betz Bld.), Chairman of Committee. It is probable that a summer outing for the Club will be arranged. The society offered a silent toast to the memory of Dr. Michael Powers and Gen. St. C. Mulholland.

## Calendar.

- Sunday 24—Brownson Literary Society.  
 “ Walsh Literary Society.  
 “ St. Joseph Literary Society.  
 Monday 25—Grand Rapids vs. N. D. baseball.  
 “ Band practice  
 “ Orchestra practice  
 “ Glee Club practice.  
 Tuesday 26—Grand Rapids vs. N. D. baseball.  
 “ Mandolin Club practice.  
 Wednesday 27—S. B. vs. N. D. baseball at S. B.  
 “ Philopatrian Society  
 “ Civil Engineering Society.  
 Thursday 28—Univ. of Ark. vs. N. D. baseball.  
 “ Band practice.  
 Friday 29—Univ. of Ark. vs. N. D. baseball.  
 “ Mandolin Club practice  
 Saturday 30—Grand Rapids vs. N. D. baseball.  
 “ Track meet. Culver vs. N. D.  
 Freshmen at Culver.

## Local Items.

- The cold spell is gone. This is official.  
 —Nobody was “too busy” to miss the vaudeville performance.  
 —The postal cards in the book-store are now sold separately as well as in sets.  
 —President Cavanaugh returned from his trip through Mexico last Saturday and has since been held to his office desk.  
 —The men who are to represent Brownson and St. Joseph Halls in the coming debate are at work preparing for the struggle.  
 —Coach Longman got stuck in the sand on his automobile trip and missed the game with Michigan. Instead he was here for the Michigan Aggies game Thursday.  
 —It was a rare tribute to Mr. Brooks’ entertaining powers when the audience insisted on missing a big portion of the 3 o’clock “rec” to hear his “Marched with Sherman to the Sea” poem.  
 —Under Bro. Philip’s direction the grounds about the University are taking on once more the neat appearance that during the summer months always marks Notre Dame as one of the prettiest spots in the country.  
 —Officially Dr. Smith is scheduled to give

ten lectures on American literature to the Upper English Classes. The fact is he has been pressed into service on almost every occasion when the slimmest excuse could be put forth for a pleasant, reminiscent talk.

—The bi-monthly examinations will be held April 27 and 29. Christian Doctrine will be examined April 26, 7:30 P. M. The other classes will be examined at the regular hours, except Science E; elementary chemistry, which will be examined April 28, 7:30 P. M.

—Some fifty students of St. Edward’s Hall, accompanied by their prefects, enjoyed a bicycle trip to St. Joseph Farm last week. The day was warm and the roads dusty, but the anticipation of feast and frolic made up for this. The whole distance of sixteen miles was covered in good time by the little fellows.

—The University wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Syllabus for Secondary Schools, New York State, from the Hon. Peter McElligott, member of the New York Assembly. Mr. McElligott’s interest in Notre Dame is of the right kind and has manifested itself in many ways. We hope he will be with us at the Alumni gathering in June.

—Messrs. Adler Bros., of the athletic store, who have so generously supported interhall athletics in the past, have again shown favor to the halls by contributing two handsome banners for interhall championships. The one is the banner won by the Corby Hall football team last fall, and the other is a pennant to be awarded the successful contestant in the bowling tournament.

—The following is the program prepared for May 1, the date set for the initiation of candidates into the Order of the Knights of Columbus.

- 8:00 A. M.—Knights and Candidates assemble K. of C. Hall corner Colfax Ave. and Lafayette St.  
 8:30 A. M.—Special car to the University at Station  
 9:00 A. M.—Solemn High Mass Sacred Heart Church  
 11:00 to 12:00.....Dinner hour  
 12:00.....All candidates must report at American Hall where initiation will take place  
 12:30 A. M.....Knights should report at American Hall  
 1:00 P. M.....1st and 2d Degree by South Bend Council  
 3:00 P. M.....Doors closed and locked for 3d Degree  
 At this time free banquet tickets will be distributed  
 3:30 P. M.....Third Degree  
 7:00 P. M.—Complimentary Banquet at Place Hall in Honor of the New Notre Dame Council



# Athletic Notes.

## MICHIGAN DEFEATED.

"There are two institutions," observes a popular playwright, "that time can not change—human nature and the shape of eggs." He might have added—the ability of the Notre Dame baseball team to win. Michigan hopped off a passing train, played five and one-half innings of the National game, suffered a defeat and then hopped on the next train homeward bound after an extended trip through the South. Down in Dixie the visitors played a good brand of ball, but they seemed unable to connect with Bill Heyl. It may have been the snow or the icy blast which swept across the diamond. Be that as it may, during the innings played eighteen men faced Heyl, and nine of that number journeyed back to vacant seats on the bench by way of the strike-out route. Nine strike-outs is a good record for nine innings against just an ordinary team; but in five and a half innings with Michigan—that looms large. It was in the terrible fifth and last round for Notre Dame that Michigan's hopes were blasted, and it remained for "Red" Kelley to do the work. Quigley, first man up, walked, and took second on McCarty's grounder to Hill which the Wolverine failed to corral in time to retire Mac. Hamilton rolled one at the pitcher who threw to third to catch Quigley, but the throw was a bit tardy, and all were safe. Then came Kelley. "Red" leaned on the third ball lining it out over the left fielder's head, scoring Quigley and McCarty. "Don" and "Red" followed on the short stop's wild throw to third, making the final score 4-0.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Quigley, c. f.....	2	1	1	0	0	0
McCarty, ss.....	3	1	0	2	1	0
Hamilton, r. f.....	2	1	1	0	0	0
Kelley, 2b.....	2	1	1	0	2	0
Williams, l. f.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Phillips, 1b.....	3	0	0	4	0	0
Connolly, 3b.....	3	0	1	3	0	1
Ulatowski, c.....	2	0	0	9	1	0
Heyl, p.....	2	0	0	0	1	0
Total	22	4	5	18	5	1
MICHIGAN	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Lathrop, 3b.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Hays, c. f.....	3	0	1	2	1	0
Mitchell, r. f.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Marlin, ss.....	2	0	0	1	0	2
Enzenroth, c.....	3	0	0	7	0	0
Hill, 1b.....	3	0	1	3	3	1
Waltner, l. f.....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Campbell, 2b.....	1	0	0	1	2	0
Smith, p.....	2	0	0	0	2	2
Total	21	0	3	15	9	5

Two base hits—Kelley. Struck out—By Heyl, 9; by Smith, 5. Bases on balls—Off Heyl, 3; off Smith, 2. Wild pitch—Smith. Pitchers—Quigley, Ulatowski, Hamilton. Umpire—Reems.

\* \*

## SECOND WITH GRAND RAPIDS A TIE.

The second game of the Grand Rapids series ended in a tie after twelve innings had been played. Attley made his début as a Varsity pitcher, and held the Leaguers to five hits and allowed but three free trips to first. The visitors scored their runs in the ninth when Walsh and Kihm walked. A double steal put them on third and second respectively, and a hit by McDonald sent them across the pan. In the sixth things looked foreboding for the big, blond boy, when Kehoe, Raidy and Kahl filled the bases with no one out. Kehoe went out at the plate attempting to score; Kihm fanned, and Foy ended it by flying out to McCarty. At no other time were the N. D. men in danger. Score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Quigley, c. f.....	5	0	0	0	0	0
McCarty, ss.....	2	0	0	4	3	2
Hamilton, r. f.....	4	1	1	3	0	0
Kelley, 2b.....	5	0	1	0	3	0
Williams, l. f.....	4	0	1	3	0	0
Phillips, 1b.....	5	0	1	13	0	0
Connolly, 3b.....	5	0	2	4	2	0
Beechnoir, c.....	2	0	0	9	2	0
Ulatowski, c.....	2	0	0	2	0	0
Attley, p.....	4	1	1	0	5	0
* Maloney.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	41	2	7	38	15	2
* Batted for Attley in the twelfth.						
GRAND RAPIDS	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Kehoe, l. f.....	6	0	0	1	1	1
Raidy, r. f.....	5	0	2	0	0	0
Kahl, 2b.....	3	0	1	4	2	0
Walsh, ss.....	4	1	0	0	4	1
Kihm, 1b.....	3	1	0	16	1	0
Foy, c. f.....	5	0	0	2	0	0
Sheehan, 3b.....	5	0	0	2	4	1
Watson, c.....	2	0	1	7	2	1
McDonald, c.....	3	0	1	4	0	0
Myers, p.....	2	0	0	0	2	1
Martin, p.....	2	0	0	0	2	1
Alberts, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
Total	41	2	5	36	19	6

Innings pitched by Attley, 12; by Myers, 4; by Martin, 5; by Alberts, 3. Hits made off of Attley, 5; off Myers, 0; off Martin, 5; off Alberts, 2. Struck out by Attley, 7; by Myers, 2; by Martin, 4; by Alberts, 3. Two Base hits, Hamilton, Phillips. Bases on balls, off Attley, 3; off Myers, 3; off Martin, 0; off Alberts, 1. Double play, Kahl to Kihm. Umpire, Ream.

## VARSITY DEFEATS SOUTH BEND.

In a game in which the pitching of Regan and the long clouts of Ulatowski, McCarty, Williams and Connolly played a stellar part, the Varsity defeated the South Bend team of the Central League for the second time last Saturday at Springbrook Park. Regan allowed the Bronchos but one meagre bingle during the affray. The fourth inning proved the undoing of the Benders. McCarty, first man up, hit for three bases over Kroy's head; Hamilton's single scored McCarty. Kelley took four poor ones, and Williams clouted one to left for three bases, scoring Hamilton and Kelley. Koehler threw wild to catch Williams at third, and the fourth run went over. In the sixth "Uli" hit one on a drive to center for a home run, the first of the season. In the seventh Quigley singled and stole second. He went to third on McCarty's out and scored on Hamilton's out at first, concluding the run getting. Rain then broke in on the game, ending it with the Varsity six runs to the good and the league men in the goose egg column. The score:

SOUTH BEND	B	R	H	SH	B	O	A	E
Craven, r. f.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Coffey, c. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kroy, l. f.....	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
Wheeler, 2b.....	2	0	0	0	0	2	2	0
Connors, 1b.....	2	0	0	0	0	6	0	0
Koehler, ss.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Watson, c.....	2	0	0	0	0	11	1	0
Daggett, 3b.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Clinton, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	3	1
Wells, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
Byrne, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
Total	17	0	1	0	1	21	11	3
NOTRE DAME	B	R	H	SH	B	O	A	E
Quigley, c. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
McCarty, ss.....	4	1	1	0	0	1	2	0
Hamilton, r. f.....	3	1	1	0	2	2	0	0
Kelley, 2b.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	2	0
Williams, l. f.....	3	1	1	0	0	1	0	0
Phillips, 1b.....	3	0	0	0	0	9	0	0
Connolly, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	0	0	1	0
Ulatowski, c.....	3	1	2	0	0	2	1	0
Regan, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	3	2	0
Total.....	27	6	7	0	3	18	8	0
South Bend.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	*=0	1 3
Notre Dame.....	0	0	0	4	0	1	1=6	7 0

Innings pitched—By Clinton, 3; by Wells, 3; by Byrne, 1. Hits—Off Clinton, 4; off Wells, 2; off Byrne, 1. Struck out—By Clinton, 4; by Regan, 2; by Wells, 3. Home runs—Ulatowski. Three base hits—McCarty,

Williams. Two base hits—Connolly, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Craven, Regan, Hamilton. Base on balls—Off Regan, 3; off Clinton, 2. Double play—Clinton to Connors; Phillips, unassisted.

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## NOTRE DAME-GRAND RAPIDS NO. 3.

In a game in which errors were many on both sides the Varsity succeeded in defeating Grand Rapids in the third game of the series 5-4 at Springbrook Park Wednesday afternoon. The errors were evenly divided, but in the hit column the League men had it on the locals, getting six bingles to the Varsity's four. George Attley made his second appearance for the Varsity and proved invincible after the third inning. Five hits and three errors enabled Raidy's men to secure their four runs in the first three innings which score was tied in the seventh. In the ninth Attley walked, but was forced out at second by Quigley's attempted sacrifice. Quigley stole second. McCarty was out second to first. Alberts then passed Hamilton and Kelley, filling the bases. Williams was hit by a pitched ball and the winning run was forced over.

Notre Dame.....	0	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	1=5
Grand Rapids.....	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0=4

Bases on balls—Off Larson, 2; off Myers, 1; off Alberts, 2. Struck out—By Attley, 4; by Larson, 1; by Alberts, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Williams, Sheehan. Umpire—Reems.

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## INTER-HALL BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

- April 24, A. M.—Walsh and Old College.  
 " Brownson and Corby.  
 April 24, P. M.—Sorin and St. Joseph.  
 April 28, A. M.—Corby and Sorin.  
 May 1, A. M.—Old College and Brownson.  
 " 5, P. M.—Brownson and Walsh.  
 " 8, P. M.—Old College and Sorin.  
 " 13, P. M.—Corby and St. Joseph.  
 " 15, A. M.—St. Joseph and Old College.  
 " 19, P. M.—Walsh and Corby.  
 " 22, A. M.—St. Joseph and Brownson.  
 " 22, P. M.—Corby and Old College.  
 " 26, A. M.—Sorin and Walsh.

It may be well to announce at this time that, in view of the exceptionally heavy schedule of the Varsity baseball team and the importance of its games, it will be impossible for the SCHOLASTIC to do much more than record the scores of the Inter-Hall games.